

the Raiders woke to echoes of the quiet spot, and Burns, Thornton's courier, rode into camp.

Throwing himself from his horse, he handed the officer a letter, and unsaddling his Plute, turned him loose and joined the group at the nearest fire.

Following him, until Wharton alone remained. A minute more, and he stood beside his officer, and held out his hand. Thornton took it silently.

At midnight the silvery moon shone down on the forms of two score men lying among the rocks of Antelope Ca-